









## CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

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## THE PLAGUE AT MILAN.

## CHAPTER I.

At the time of the Jubilee at Milan, when the holy cardinal, St. Charles Borromeo, was working with an indefatigable zeal, for the salvation of his people, a great prince, whose name we conceal, passed through the city on his way to Spain; and the nobles wishing to receive him with all possible honours, made preparations for public games, as tournaments, and other profane amusements: so that in proportion as this good pastor was endeavouring to excite the Milanese to piety and the love of God, the devil on his side left nothing undone to turn them away from these exercises, and to stifle, by public diversions, any good sentiments in their souls. The good Archbishop was sensibly afflicted, seeing that this sort of games would ruin all the spiritual fruits he expected from the Jubilee; and also swell the great number of sins committed against God on such occasions. As soon, therefore, as this holy time was expired, the very next day the drums and trumpets sounded in the streets to invite the people to these diversions; and instead of the processions of religious, and of the societies of men and women clothed in penitential garments, nothing was seen but persons dressed out with every sort of vanity. O God! who could express the deep grief of the holy Archbishop, at such an extraordinary change! This made him think that God would not defer afflicting his people with the scourge of the plague; and which was already making its appearance in the environs of Milan.

In effect, he did positively prophesy that such would occur, and the truth of his words was soon perceived; for when the public amusements were at their height, the plague was discovered to be in Milan: so that whilst, as it were in an instant, all devotion had been changed into amusements and dissolutions, now in another moment all their vain joys and pastimes were changed into tears and grief. It was at the end of July; and at the same time St. Charles having heard that the

Bishop of Lodi was almost in his last agony, he mounted his horse to go and render him a service of charity, which was always his practice towards his bishops in such cases. He was celebrating the obsequies of the deceased when a courier brought him news that the plague had broken out in two quarters of the city of Milan; that the Prince, on whose account they were rejoicing, warned of the danger, had fled in haste to Genoa, followed by the governor and a great portion of the nobility, and that the city was in desolation and without help or counsel. Although he was not surprised at this event, having already foreseen it; he was, however, moved with compassion, on seeing the hand of God scourging his dear people; and he returned with all speed to Milan, where, as soon as he arrived, he saw the beginning of the dreadful miseries this poor city was to undergo.

All the nobility had retired into the country, and there only remained the people and the poor, with a small number of magistrates, and a few good priests or religious; and these were in a state of desolation and fear which cannot be expressed. These poor people seeing their dear pastor arrive, on whom they rested their hopes; ran in crowds to meet him, and weeping and kneeling, implored his help in this extreme affliction, crying "Mercy! lord, mercy!" No one could be so hard-hearted as not to be touched by these words: the holy Archbishop did all he could to restrain his tears; he went straight to the cathedral, according to his custom, where, having remained a long time in prayer, in extraordinary fervour, he remounted his horse, and went himself to see the place where the plague had been discovered. It was the house of a lady, who lived near the church of "*La Scala*." Before the nature of the disease was known, some Ursuline nuns had been to visit and assist those who were sick in that house. When it was discovered that they had died of the plague, St. Charles separated them from the rest of the community, placed them in a convent out of the city where there were some nuns; gave them each a separate apartment, and for forty days they held no communication with any one; care being taken



that they should want for nothing, for some of them clearly had the disease.

When St. Charles had returned to his palace, the officers and magistrates of police, with some of the council of the city, went to him, and entreated him for the love which he bore to his people, to assist them with his advice in their present misery and danger; frankly confessing that it appeared manifest that God wished to chastise them, since he seemed to have deprived of wisdom and conduct those who ought to govern them and provide for the necessities of the state; and they added, that they did not know whom to have recourse to; but himself, their dear Father and Pastor; that they begged him earnestly to prescribe to them the way in which they ought to behave, to give what orders he should judge necessary to oppose the evil with which they were threatened; and, in fine, to take under his protection their poor city in its desolation. He received them with much mildness, consoled them, and promised to employ his money and his life in the service of the people, being obliged thereto by the duty of his situation; and, moreover, attracted by the particular affection he felt for the Milanese. He implored them to second him in his cares, and not to abandon the city, as many persons of quality had done; promising them that God would reward them eternally if they took care of the poor and the sick, in this public necessity. In fine, before he dismissed them, he left nothing undone to console them in their affliction, and to animate them to assist the poor.

When he was alone, he considered, that he must go to the source of the evil, and as the plague is one of those means which the justice of God makes use of to punish the crimes of cities, it was this justice which must be appeased. He considered himself as charged with all the sins of his people, and he resolved to begin the public penance himself—to fast every day, to watch, and to practise the greatest mortifications, and to make use of a board for his bed, to chastise his body for the sins of his beloved people, and to pass the greatest part of his nights in prayers and tears, in order to obtain from God the necessary lights and graces in order to assist the afflicted city. Afterwards he ordered three general processions, at which the Magistrates assisted with a great concourse of people. He preached himself in the churches which they entered, and in his sermons he strongly exhorted the people to do penance, and with a generous liberty he reproached the magistrates, because they had been very diligent in preparing human remedies against the plague; but that they had not thought of those which were most necessary to correct the public vices, and to implore the mercy of God,

and that on the contrary, they had prevented a great many good works by the order they had published, and which still existed, to forbid the congregations and assemblies of penitents; this was in part the cause of the scourge, because the greatest portion of these persons had interrupted their pious exercises, and especially the processions, which were very efficacious means to appease the anger of God: and that instead of as before the feast days were spent in a holy manner, since that time many had passed them in a manner which had justly offended God, and brought upon them the scourges under which they were suffering; in fine, he conjured them to change their lives, to practise good works, and above all to practise great charity towards the sick and poor. Although the holy Pastor did all in his power to appease the anger of God in consequence of His incomprehensible judgments, the plague spread from day to day, so that several people not only of the outskirts, but from different parts of the city, were obliged to make use of the Infirmary of St. Gregory, which had formerly been built out of the town, for a similar purpose; and they sent there those who were seized with the plague, in order to separate them from others, and also to provide for many things, as we shall see in the following chapter.

M. B.

(To be continued.)

## HARDENING THE CONSTITUTION.

THE visible effects of cold are seldom instantaneous. It produces its morbid changes on the constitution insidiously and slowly; and when for the first time they become apparent, they often are beyond the reach of any remedy. And the only true remedy is precaution; that is always safest, and might almost always be certain. Warm clothing and a moderately warm apartment comprehend the two points which it is essential to observe. On the change of the season—as soon as autumn approaches, before winter comes on—every one should adopt a clothing warm in proportion to the cold that may set in. The common practice of postponing this change, with a view of hardening the constitution, is highly dangerous. Many a youth has never lived to see manhood, because he would reserve warm clothing for his old age. It seems to be a fancy prevalent among young people that it does not become them to wear warm clothing in cold weather. Various diseases that cut life short, are the constant fruits of their folly. And in the female, especially, in whom the skin is so much more vascular, delicate, and sensitive; whose circulation partakes so much more of the external character; who, is therefore, so much more sensible to cold, and so much less capable of resisting it—all these precautions are necessary in a tenfold degree. Yet it is the custom among women to clothe themselves warmly during the morning and the day, and at night to put on a dress thinner and lighter, to expose the neck, the bosom, and then we wonder that they are feeble and delicate—that is, diseased—and that they so often become the prey of consumption.—*Westminster Review.*



## THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in old Ironsides, as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave traders; and during that time we had had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-south-west; so we squared away, and, without coming to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern. For a while, every body was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain's mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo'castle men in calking; the top-men in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters in white-washing and holy-stoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armourer's forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thin black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighbouring whistone warehouses the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and tarpaulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent or injured by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, made light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished; the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a sheave for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them; so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbour; but though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast-head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft and furl the skysails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good-sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turk's-head-knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbour of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet—which though it makes about

four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width—is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had in the fore part of the day, died away at noon, and though the first dog-watch was almost out, the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the deep serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay to her signal halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead; except when now and then, the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment; and showed the substance but half its former apparent size. A small polacca craft had got underway from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona; but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbour; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface, as if she were only part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light; and the clusters of ancient-looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal, and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrel, erect and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual look-out. A group of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the fo'castle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others—one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favourite officer's hammock; and a third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a laniard with which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated



to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fife-rail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length tiring of the rude mirth, had turned towards the taffrel, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear, and looking quickly round, to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and running along the boom-cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topsail-sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side, and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was the more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko, from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavoured to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

"Ha, you vile rascal! Jacko, hab you no more respect for de young officer den to steal his cab! We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a thief."

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

"Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus' ketch him fore you flog him; and it's no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot."

A red spot mounted on the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob's ladder. In an instant he was half-way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, while the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

"Massa Stay!" cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favourite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers, "Massa Stay, you best crawl through de lubber's hole—it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud."

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution, before Bob was in the top. The monkey in the meanwhile had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope, and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself, and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko

from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey, all the while, seeming to exert only so much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be grown weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manoeuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when springing suddenly on the royal-stay, it ran nimbly down the fore-to-gallant-mast head, thence down the rigging to the fore-top, when leaping on the fore-yard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out, and, perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-trees; while those who had been attracted by the sport, returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon taking up the cap, returned towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed I walked aft, and leaning my elbow on the taffrel, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation, when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake, which brought me on the instant back to consciousness.

"Good heaven! Massa Scrupper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up—it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the sky-sail pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! a small circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend—but to descend—my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air—and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point—a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade, Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon, and beneath that, a long smooth, naked spar, that seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence," would be almost certain death; he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear



to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height, and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object to which they had been rivetted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me—the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire—as such news always will—and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling—the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck—like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows—with a steadfast, unblinking, and intense, yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion—no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob, but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sunk listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck—it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favour of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket, and with this stepping aft, and getting on the look-out-block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him, without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder.

"Robert!" cried he, "jump! jump overboard! or I'll fire at you."

The boy seemed to hesitate, and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his

voice again, and in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried, "Jump! 'tis your only chance for life!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not—sighed not—indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon ball, the body descended to the water, and before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose—he was alive! his arms were seen to move!—he struck out towards the ship!—and despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment, the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that, glistening with pleasure, now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he not been caught by old Black Jake. He was borne into his cabin where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long confidential conference with him; and it was noticed when the little fellow left the cabin that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to-gallant-masts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

### SHABBY CONDUCT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It is a matter of great surprise, that during the whole time Lord Shrewsbury had the charge of Queen Mary, Elizabeth was continually withholding from him the money allowed for her maintenance; and he is obliged on many occasions to sue first to one minister, then to another, and to the queen herself, to obtain his just dues. Probably she feared to place too large a sum in his hands, as it might have assisted some plot or design in favour of her rival; for it is evident she was far from placing implicit confidence in him; and to keep him in check, she made a point of siding with those who were his enemies, listening to the complaints of his discontented tenants, and espousing the cause of his countess when their disputes became no longer a secret. Her policy is always sufficiently crooked; but this, in particular, is difficult to understand, as it would seem natural that she should desire to attach the earl to her interests by every liberality she could devise. Instead of this, the earl seems to have, for a series of years, been straitened in every way in his allowances; and letter after letter he addresses, uselessly entreating that his claims may be attended to, and his arrears paid. All the notice taken of his applications is reproof—not the most delicate—for his purchasing of land, and hints of his great riches, which he is told her majesty hears of with no very benevolent feeling, as it is considered strange how he can afford to become possessor of so many domains. Again he is reproached with having diminished the entertainment of the Queen of Scots, alleging his poverty as the cause, to which no remedy is allowed, but he is ordered to beware how he ventures to act in a manner to cast dishonour on her majesty.—*Lives of Eminent Englishwomen.*



### REMEDY FOR SEA SICKNESS.

At Dover you will see in some of the druggists' shops, placards of pretended remedies for sea sickness: we may really say *pretended*, for they are mere catch-pennies. One of them is an embrocation invented by an English physician resident at Boulogne; the others are stomach plasters composed of opium and camphor. Some persons who have used these pretended remedies in fine weather, when, without them, they would have escaped sea sickness, have imagined that they owed their comfort to the nostrum; but no person who is habitually subject to this cruel malady, has found either the embrocation or the plaster of any use in rough weather, or in the swell which remains for some days after a storm. There is, however, a very simple remedy, if not always a preventive, which has been tried with the most surprising effect, and which can be used without inconvenience or danger. The *Creosote*, which is advertised as a remedy for toothache, may be now regarded as infallible; for if it does not always *prevent* sea sickness, it never fails to prevent the suffering which that malady usually occasions, and the straining of the nerves and muscles, which is sometimes productive of very serious consequences. In nine cases out of ten, and unless the sea be very rough, the sickness will be prevented; but if it does take place, there will be a relief of the stomach without straining; and the traveller, instead of lying prostrate during the whole of the voyage in a state of suffering which is indescribable, will be able, after the stomach is emptied, to keep his legs, and even to enjoy the motion of the sea. The *Creosote* may be had of any respectable druggist, and is to be thus taken:—About half an hour before the passenger embarks, he is to take three drops in a small quantity of water. When on board, if he feels a little nausea, let him pour two or three drops on a bit of sugar, which he will swallow; and this he may repeat every hour if he have nausea, or if sickness come on after the stomach has been relieved. The *Creosote* is at the same time a tonic and sedative; and independently of its value as a remedy at sea, assists the digestion by tranquillizing the nerves of the stomach.—*Hand Book of Paris.*

### DRUNKENNESS IN THE METROPOLIS.

A RETURN was made during the late session of parliament on this subject, which cannot fail to excite interest, as it is one which is, in a statistical point of view, illustrative to a certain extent of the moral condition of the people of the vast metropolis. The returns moved for by Mr. Hume, were "of the number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness and for disorderly conduct, by the metropolitan police, in each year from 1831 and 1843, both inclusive, distinguishing each, and stating the population of the metropolitan police district in the years 1831 and 1843; and a similar return for the city of London." From this document we glean the following singular results:—The maximum amount of persons taken into custody exclusively for drunkenness, is to be found in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833, and the minimum in 1843:—In 1831, they were males and females 31,353; 1832 ditto, 32,636; 1833, ditto, 29,880.

Taking the population, according to the census of 1831, at 1,515,585, then the number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness was in those periods respectively, as about 2 1-15th, 2 1-17th, and 1 1-2 and a fraction out of every 100. In 1843 the number of persons taken into custody for drunkenness fell to 10,891; which, taking the census of 1841, say 2,068,107, was in the proportion of little more than 1/2 in every 100. In the city of London also the same gratifying result is shown. In 1840 the numbers were 5,113, which, on the estimated population of 124,876, was in the enormous proportion of full 4 1-10th out of every 100. In 1843 the numbers were 2,595; which, taking the official estimated population at 125,273, was in the ratio of 2 1/4 to every 100. Let us hope, from these facts, that temperance is becoming more general among the labouring classes of the metropolis. Its beneficial influence on the social condition of the people must be evident to every man.

### THE CHICORY PLANT.

WHEN, during the last war, the united efforts of French excisemen and English sailors succeeded in depriving our continental neighbours of sugar and coffee, the attention of ingenious men was directed to the possibility of substituting articles of European growth for such produce. Hence arose the preparation of beet-sugar and the cultivation of chicory: the former is a well-known branch of modern French industry, excluded from this country; the latter, not being objected to by the excise, is coming into cultivation with us, and promises to be an article of considerable importance. Chicory, or, as the French call it, *Chicorée*, is the *Cichorium Intybus*, a way-side plant, with beautiful blue flowers, resembling those of the Dandelion, except in colour. It has a stout tap-root, which, like that of the wild carrot, seems to improve rapidly in the hands of skilful gardeners. In the winter the French force its roots, to produce blanched leaves, in mushroom-houses, cellars, and other dark places, when it forms a salad called *Barbe de Capucin*, much too bitter for English tastes; they have even a variety which forms as good a heart of leaves as Batavian Endive. It is also, with the French, a common field crop for the sale of the leaves, which are described as being excellent for cows, when laid down with half red clover. The chicory that is cultivated as a substitute for coffee is a variety of this plant, with long fleshy roots, like white carrots; the French call it *chicorée à café*. These large fleshy roots are what the cultivator desires to obtain; and a part of his business is to take care that all the plants which indicate a disposition to form woody roots are carefully eradicated. When fit for use, the roots are washed and cut into dice, which are dried, roasted, and mixed with coffee—to which, in the opinion of many persons, they communicate a very agreeable flavour. This, at least, is certain, that they do no harm: on the contrary, their bitterness will probably render them wholesome.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

Death always appears to us like the horizon that limits our view, getting farther from us in proportion as we approach it.

Because it is not certain to us whether we shall die to-day, we live as if our years were to be eternal.



## THE "DEMONSTRATION;"

## THE DAY OF GENERAL TURN-OUT.

"Beati pauperes spiritu, quoniam ipsorum est regnum celorum."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

St. Matt. v. 3.

"ARE you going to attend the 'Demonstration,' in Great Ancoats's Square, this morning, Michael Hardman?"

"No, David, I am not. I have no mind for these things. I am on my way to Dickson's as usual."

"What! have you no mind for politics, Michael? You should read the leading-article in last Sunday's Weekly Dispatch—it was prime! Telling us how we artizans have a bigger stake in the government than any others, on account of our labour, and numbers, &c. &c., so on—don't you care to hear these things?"

"I might like to hear them, mayhap," answered Michael, with a quiet smile, and an intelligent glance from his mild dark eye, which was generally fixed on the ground; "and that is partly why I keep from the temptation; for I do not find that we have any calling to disturb the government, nor to alter it either, even supposing we could, which I have my doubts upon."

"You doubt it, do you?" cried David Trotter, with a look of supreme and somewhat fierce contempt. "What if we were to strike to-morrow, and leave every mill in Manchester empty?"

"Why, then, our wives and families, I fear, would be crying out for bread."

"Pshaw!" muttered David angrily, "the old story for ever! and what if we were to gut the mills, and burn those infernal power-looms, which keep us from our own? What if we should besiege the town; and keep the mill-owners starving, till they gave in? What then, good philosopher? such things might be."

"Why then," replied Michael calmly, "we should all of us, masters and men, be ruined together for a while, and a lot of us would either die of want, or be forced to emigrate to America or Van Die-man's Land. Would that change the government or the laws? No, no, David; I advise you not to let some of those newspapers cheat you out of your own senses; into doing what is contrary to the will of God. They have their own reasons, no doubt, for wishing to please such as we, but when they write upon going against Providence, you may be sure there's something wrong."

"Is it the will of God that we should be slaves?" asked David sneeringly.

"Not so, David, but it is His will that there shall be poor men, and labourers, and that they should be contented with their lot, so I humbly believe."

"I wish you joy of your Creed?" replied David, laughing in an insulting manner; "I will never be content with a bad lot, when I can get a better; I have got strength of hands, and strength of lungs, and as long as both last out, I will use them for my own benefit; so good-morning to you, good Mr. Humblemind!"

"Good-morning to you," replied Michael quietly, and as David shuffled off with the loose shambling gait, so often marking the hard-worked, yet dissipated artizan, to the "Demonstration," pouring into Ancoats Square, he turned down a narrow short-cut across the river into Salford, hoping to escape all farther contact with them.

It was to be, apparently, an extra-grand Demonstration. The lanes were deserted. Here and there an aged matron with her grey hair streaming in the wind, was angrily trying to control the movements of sundry neighbours' children, given into her care for the day, but who were too deeply intent on hunting one or two dirty ducks in the gutters, and floating bits of

stick and walnut-shells down the mud-stained canals, to pay much regard to her instructions.—Here and there a cripple from the Colour-Print Mills, bent double with the weight of cotton packs, and bleared with the heat and unwholesome fumes of the dye, was limping out, to catch some rumours of what was going on at Ancoats; and here and there a poor sickly child was hasting away from its dreary daily task, either to get the chance of a stolen game at hide-and-seek in an empty warehouse, or to lounge in heedless weariness at home. Otherwise the lanes were free to Michael's passage, and he walked quickly on, till, on turning a corner, he came upon four men talking loudly, and at last trying to drag another with them by the coat and arms. Michael quickly stepped up to them, and found to his astonishment that the prisoner was his own dear director, Mr. Hutton. "Why how now, friends?" he said, laying a strong hand upon the foremost assailant; "why can't you let this good man alone? what are ye after?"

The men, surprised at his sudden address, loosed their hold, ashamed; and Mr. Hutton, with a strong wrench, freed himself from their grasp; and settling his collar, said good-humouredly, "We happened to begin with a little general talk about present affairs. They are wanting me to attend the Meeting in Ancoats, and (laughing) this is what they call *freedom of election*: that is all."

The men looked a little abashed, but the readiest of them answered: "We only want you to hear our cause rightly pleaded. Surely there is no harm in our making out our own cause, especially when (we think) it has to do with others' too. Come now, and hear; you *must* go;" and in the warmth of his appeal, he pulled again at Mr. Hutton's arm; but Michael held him, saying firmly, "The gentleman shall be free to choose whether he will go or not, and no one shall hinder him from following what he thinks fit."

"What business is it of yours, I should like to know?"

"Knock him down, seize him!"—"Gag the insolent turncoat!" were uttered in many voices, but no hands were raised to enforce the words; and the leader of them making silence, said, "Tell me your objections to coming along with us, and if they be reasonable, why, we are reasonable men."

Michael did not ask whether it was altogether reasonable to hinder two men in their honest business, for no cause, at high-noon; and Mr. Hutton answered, "My objection to going with you, is, that I have work to do which I must get done; and I have none whatever in the Square. I have no time for politics. I am a priest; my business now is to visit some sick; to give the Holy Eucharist to a dying woman; and to hear some confessions. After that, to see my schools, and to prepare some people for confirmation. I leave you (in part) to judge whether it is reasonable to leave them, to hear you *talk* of the badness of the government."

"You say you are a minister of religion, Sir; so you ought just as much to lift up your voice against oppression, as to visit the sick; but, however, you may go. Now you other, you're one of us, and ought to come: where are you going?"

"To work at Dickson's Mill, which you have hindered too long."

"Stop! my man; Dickson's on the wrong list; he works short time, and gives less than Burgess and Hayburn."

"That is nothing to me; he is my master, and I must do his work."

"Let him go! let him go, for a white-hearted coward!" cried several of the men; "he is known for a poor-spirited rat as ever breathed! He licks Dickson's feet for half-wages. Let him go; he's no fellow for us!" They moved off, laughing and jeering. Michael remained with his eyes fixed on the ground; a slight



flush had mounted to his cheek. Mr. Hutton laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "What are you thinking of, child? Does it go hard with you to be taunted?"—"With flesh and blood," replied Michael, looking up with a bright and contented smile, "but something was whispering the old words into my ear just then."

"What words do you mean?"—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," replied Michael; "that was the motto you gave me the day of my first communion, and ever since then it has always come up whenever I wanted it. Many a time, when my wife looks down-hearted, and Charlie looks sickly, and the neighbours cry out against me for what they call my folly in letting myself be put upon, and my poor spirit; and when I see pieces of roast-meat and fat bacon at their fires, and often only potatoes and cabbage at home, these blessed words come up when I am near disheartened, and I feel something *here* (laying his hand on his heart) which bids me go on in peace, for if I have nothing on earth, there will be heaven by-and-bye.—I should not have said so much, Father," added Michael, colouring deeply, "if——"

"I know, I understand you," replied Mr. Hutton, nodding to him, and brushing his hand quickly across his eyes; "go on and prosper, and God bless you! Good-morning to you, and thank you for this morning's help!"

"Kindly welcome, Sir," and Michael continued his quiet way.

When he turned up the long quay at the end of which Dickson's Mill stood, he found that the Demonstrators had been more successful in other quarters than with himself. The Mill was nearly empty, and the huge beam of the steam-engine, though at work, was going lazily, and as if he too had made up his mind to a holiday. Michael stepped into the hoist, and when the clank and ratch of the machine gave notice of his arrival on the first flat, a head looked over the rail of the one above, darkening the narrow well. Michael looked up, and saw an outstretched hand beckoning to him. He drew back the leg he had already landed on the flat, touched the chain, and was landed the next moment alongside of the beckoner. It was Dickson himself, with no good cheer on his down-cast brow.

"Things are looking badly, Hardman: the flats are empty: all Manchester might dance on our floors to-day."

"Perhaps they are gone to Ancoats only for an hour or so, Sir," replied Michael cheerfully; "we have often had such a fright as this, and nothing came of it but talk."

"Do you think so?—But perhaps you don't know all, Hardman:—the stipendiary magistrates have been riding the town for four hours with Col. Wyngard. He wants to fire on the mob, but Milman refuses. Between them both, the 'Demonstrators' will get every thing they want."

"Which way does Ferguson lean, and the police?"

"With the people of course. With his politics, you know, he could do no less. Bad plan, as I always said, to put strong party-men into such situations! Always said it was a piece of Whig-jobbing! but that is no matter now.—The Mill-owners must suffer for it, and you too;" and Mr. Dickson wiped his forehead in great agitation.

"What do you think of doing, Sir," asked Michael, after a short pause, "shall you stand out for working short time, and giving what wages you can? Better so, than shut up the mill altogether.—Consider us poor men, Sir; we look greatly to you for help just now."

"I shall do what I can to stand out, Hardman, you may depend upon it, for my poor wife and daughters' sakes; you may depend upon me too for befriending you as far as possible, for

your conduct has always been—I wish there were more of your mind, and we should not come to these passes. But I don't expect to have the chance of standing out. I have reason to think my mill is marked; and will be either burnt or gutted by this time to-morrow."

"God forbid, Sir! Is there any one you can depend upon here? Any one in the flats above? Shall I go up?"

"There are Gibson, Mills, and Hawker above, and Collins and Dutton below, sure men; Potts and Boardman will join the mob, if it comes. Yes, go up, there's a good fellow, and speak to Gibson. Next to yourself, I depend upon him."

Michael stepped into the hoist again, and was soon on the flat above, holding a parley with his friends there; after which he went below, and held a similar one there: the result of both was, that they would stand by Dickson to the last, if there should be a chance of keeping the Mill on, upon which Gibson however shook his head very much. A trusty messenger was then despatched by bye-ways to Sir Colin Ferguson, to bring up the Police, and Michael then stepped into his own lines, to superintend the spinning-mules.

He was not destined to do much work that day. The noise of the whirling cottons was stilled by the well-known sickening tramp of an immense multitude in the distance, but coming nearer and nearer; and he sprang up to his window to take note of its movements. "Why ar'n't the Police here? Jones was a true man!—They say Sir Colin is no dawdle, nor faint-heart. They *must* be here soon. The riot could perhaps be stayed the while. Here they come! What a fearful rush of varying ranks of heads, all looking upward, and ready for the worst, because they do not know what they would have. How triumphant they look! and certainly they make a grand show with their 'cheap-bread' banners! If it were but our Guild-men, instead of restless askers for what can never be had. If men would be more trustful, and meek, and contented, how much they would really get; and how happy the world might be! There is a white flag!—They are going to speak to Dickson: I must go down to him!"—and Michael cut short his reflections, and ran down to Dickson, who was standing at a window to hear what the mob had to propose.

The Demonstrators proposed accordingly, with their accustomed moderation, reasonableness, and candour. They insisted that Dickson should either work full time, and give as large wages as Burgess and Hayburn, the leading Mill-owners in Manchester—or, work with hand-loom.

"Quite impossible," Dickson replied. Burgess and Hayburn were immense capitalists, whom he could not compete with. As to working with hand-loom, if he did, he must dismiss half his men, and pull down all his works; and then could not meet the other Mill-owners in the markets: both demands were quite out of his power.—Had they anything else to say?

Yes, they had to tell him that the punishment for not acceding to their demands, arranged at the meeting in Ancoats this day, was, that the Mill must be gutted. "Can any thing be done, Hardman?" asked Dickson, turning to Michael, with a strange involuntary smile at the stringent measures of the "men of peace and order."

"If you can put them off a little, Sir.—The Police cannot be far off now; if we can but save the mill—here's Gibson! well, what news of the Police?"

"No chance! The messenger was stopped, and they sent him on to Sir Colin with a forged paper saying, that a large body of Demonstrators was coming along the Burnley road. He's miles away by now!"

Dickson turned pale—all hope was over—Michael said quietly but quickly, "And the soldiers. Where are the soldiers?"



"Milman wónt let them act: they are to save blood if possible. They are guarding the mob in Ancoats."

"In Ancoats! why the mob is here!"

"Bless you! not one tenth! All Ancoats is one sea of heads; we have never had the like of this before."

So Michael sorrowfully thought, as he looked down from the window and saw enough to fill a good-sized sea, to his mind, who had only seen it, to be sure, from Liverpool. He turned to Dickson, "I fear, Sir, there is no hope. The will of God is so. There is no chance to save the Mill: I believe we have done all we can for the best."

"You have, Hardman, my good fellow. I hope your ruin is not as sure as mine?"

"I think so, Sir; I am marked for one that wónt rise; and the owners have no reason for wishing to keep me in good humour. But I can't alter my ways of going on, because they don't happen to prosper; seeing that *right and wrong is a fixed thing*, as one may say, and the other not. They are waiting for your answer, Sir."

Dickson repeated to the impatient mob, his refusal to agree to their terms; and a detachment was immediately sent in to secure him and the refractory workmen: they were led out carefully enough, and allowed to go home as soon as they pleased. The work of destruction was then eagerly, but in an orderly manner, begun. Dickson was perfectly right: by that time the next day, the Mill was an empty shell.

(To be Continued.)

## THE NINE MEANS OF DEVOTION OF ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA.

From his *Golden Treatise on Prayer*: Dolman, London.

DEVOTION, as St. Thomas saith, is a virtue which maketh a man prompt and ready to every virtuous deed, and stirring him up to do well; which definition evidently sheweth, the necessity and utility of this virtue, as containing more in it than any man can imagine.

The true essence of devotion doth consist, not in tenderness of heart, or abundance of consolations, wherewith they who meditate are often recreated, but in prompt alacrity of the mind to do well.

The things which promote devotion are many, of which we will handle a few.

First, it helpeth much devotion, if those exercises be undertaken with a *generous resolution*, ready to undergo what difficulty soever shall occur, for the obtaining of this precious pearl. For it is certain, that nothing is excellent which is not difficult, of which kind is devotion, especially in beginnings.

Secondly, a *diligent custody of the heart* from every vain and unprofitable cogitation, from affections, strange love, and turbulent motions, doth much promote devotion. For it is evident, that every one of these, is no little hinderance, seeing this virtue chiefly requireth a quiet heart, free from all inordinate affection, and so well composed as the strings of a well-tuned instrument.

Thirdly, *custody of the senses*, especially the eyes, tongue, and ears, seeing by these, the heart is much distracted. For those things which enter in through the eyes and ears, do strain the mind with divers imaginations, and, consequently, disturb and trouble the peace and tranquillity of the soul. Wherefore, one not without cause, said, that he that meditateth must be deaf, blind, and dumb; for by how much less he wandereth abroad, with greater recollection will he rejoice at home.

Fourthly, *solitude* helpeth devotion much, for it doth not only remove the occasions of sin, and take away the causes which chiefly disturb the heart and senses, but it maketh a solitary man, to rouse up himself from temporal things, to be present to himself, and converse incessantly with God. To which, the opportunity of the place doth admonish, which admitteth no other society.

Fifthly, the *reading of spiritual books* doth not a little nourish devotion, because it administereth matter of consideration, abstracteth the mind from all things created, stirreth up devotion, and causeth that a man doth sooner adhere to the consideration of those things, which in reading offered him a more pleasant taste, that, that wherewith, the heart aboundeth, may oftener occur to his memory.

Sixthly, *continual memory of Almighty God*, and daily imagination of his sacred presence, that always thou art in his sight, with a frequent use of aspirations, which St. Augustine calleth *jaculatory prayers*; for these do guard the palace of the mind, conserving devotion in her fervour, that a man is always willing to pious actions, and ready to holy prayer. This document is one of the principal instruments of a spiritual life, and the only remedy for those, who have neither time nor place with opportunity, to insist to long prayer and meditation, and they which do thus bestow their labour to frequent aspirations, will, in a short time, profit much.

Seventhly, *perseverance in good exercises*, that so times and places be duly observed, especially morning and evening, as fittest times for prayer.

Eighthly, *corporal abstinence and austerities* do much help devotion fasting from meat, a frugal table, a hard bed, and the like. As they originally proceed from devotion of the mind, so they do not a little cherish, conserve, and nourish the root from whence they spring, which is devotion.

Lastly, *works of mercy* are a great spur unto devotion, because they increase the confidence we have to appear before God, and to be presented before his sacred Majesty. They do accompany our prayers; and, finally, they merit that they be sooner heard by God, especially seeing they proceed from a merciful heart.

## ST. CATHARINE'S PRAYER.

FATHER, I crave not gold nor gem—  
These are the gauds of earthly sway;  
Give nobler gifts by far than them—  
Oh!—not such as fade away.  
Tears there be from a mourning heart,  
Richer than pearls of price to thee;  
Sighs that are born in affliction's smart—  
Jesus, such gifts, I pray, give me.  
The world will melt like a dream away,  
But not its griefs or its hoarded pain—  
Like thee, they will rise on a brighter day,  
When hopes and earth-joys will be vain.  
I have scanned thy pilgrim's years, imprest,  
With the bitterest griefs that be;  
Thou saidst that the weeper's life is blest,  
Then give me, I pray thee, thy tears to me. S.

Fortune never placed a man so high, as not to stand in need of a friend.

Fools call themselves wise, the wise call themselves fools, the factious call themselves patriots.



## GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.

A highly interesting geological discovery has been lately made at the Pentwyn Iron Works, near Pontypool. While the workmen engaged in one of the mine levels were proceeding with their operations, they encountered a fossil tree of considerable size; and the attention of Mr. Cadman, the intelligent mining agent of these works, having been called to it, he directed every exertion to be made for its preservation. The surrounding material was consequently removed with the utmost care; and, every part of the fossil having thus been preserved from injury, its structure was most clearly developed. The stratum in which it was imbedded was a blue silicious shale, containing iron ore, and forming a moderate angle of inclination with the horizon. The tree was in an erect position, and perpendicular to the plane of stratification. A thin coating of coal, apparently the carbonized bark, enveloped it, which could be readily scraped off with the nail, and was so friable as to render it impossible to discern the character of the external markings. The internal cast, however, partook of the same nature as the surrounding stratum; and, beneath the coaly covering, there were evident indications of flutings, or longitudinal striae, the appearance of which was very similar to that presented by decorticated trunks of recent forest trees. The base of the trunk thickened out considerably, and large spreading roots projected on every side. The circumference of the base, immediately above the junction with the roots, is six feet, and from thence it diminishes to four feet, in a height of about five feet, beyond which it has not yet been followed. We are decidedly of opinion, that this tree grew on the precise spot where it is now found, and consider it to be a variety of the *Sigillaria*, of which about forty species have been discovered in the coal measures.—*Monmouthshire Merlin*.

## A LIVELY SCENE.

THE rapidity with which the camels were unladen, and the tents pitched, is perfectly incredible. In less than half an hour, a vast city of tents arises, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand; and while the inexperienced traveller surveys with wonder and admiration the erection of a spacious square on his right, he suddenly casts his eyes to the left, and finds that a long lane of tents has sprung up, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. The city, if I may so call it, being thus built, a rampart is forthwith cast up around it, by placing the camels (which had been fed with date kernels), with their pack-saddles, in a circle, on the outer verge of the encampment; precautions are then taken to guard the caravan from sudden attack, and the travellers begin to think about their supper. The travelling butchers were now all on the alert, and purchases were making in all directions. Sheep were slaughtered, and everybody purchased according to his wants, the price paid being about five or six paras for the ratal, or five pounds for five farthings. The purchase being made, no time was lost in preparing the meat for table, the cooks fully equalling the tent builders in expertness and rapidity. Fires were made on the ground, and immediately the air was filled with those acceptable hissing sounds, which, after a long fast, are sweeter music than the voice of his mistress to the sighing lover, and upon hearing which the sternest visage puts on a momentary gleam of benignity. Before the door of each tent, slaves were seen busily engaged in spreading the large white cloths upon the bare ground; and it was not long before every cloth was surrounded by a company evidently fully disposed to devote themselves seriously to the business in hand. Before half an hour had passed away, whole sheep had disappeared, and lofty mountains of rice had been laid low; and when the company had had their fill, the servants were permitted to regale them-

selves on the remains, of which there was an abundance. Our party consisted of twelve, every one of whom appeared bent upon promoting the common comfort. After supper, we remained engaged in converse until eleven o'clock, before which hour it was idle to think of retiring to rest, for the incessant loud laughter, shouts, and clamour of the Georgian guard, calling to each other all over the encampment, made sleep entirely out of the question. At eleven, however, we spread our carpets, and lay down to sleep.—*Memoirs of a Babylonian Princess*.

## THE GEESE AND THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS.

SOMEHOW or other, it has unfortunately been my lot through life to pay smartly for my little researches in natural history, when business or inclination have brought me back to the shores of my native country. The former zeal-subduing affair at Liverpool will not be unknown to those who shall have read the *Wanderings*; and latterly at Hull, through the pig-headedness of a subaltern custom-house officer, and the haughty demeanour of another in a higher station of the same establishment, my ornithological views were frustrated; and I may say I lost, at one go, my time, my patience, and my money. You shall see how this happened. Having purchased two pairs of Bernacle geese and four wigeons, at Rotterdam, I got them put into a hamper, and I took them with me on board the vessel which steams weekly betwixt that town and the port of Hull. We had a charming passage, short and smooth; and, on our arrival in the Humber, I informed the visiting custom-house officer that I had four geese and four wigeons in the hamper which stood before him. "They must go to the custom-house," said he. "I know they must," said I "if they were dead geese, for the purpose of commerce; but they are living geese," continued I, "and, of course, exempt by law from such an unpleasant errand." "No matter," said he, obstinately; "to the custom-house they must and shall go, alive or dead." And to the custom-house they went, on a truck without springs, trotting all the way over the rough pavement, into the heart of the town of Hull. On our arrival at the custom-house, another officer, in a harsh tone of voice, asked me why I had brought living geese to that place. "By peremptory orders," said I, "from the visiting custom-house officer in the river." "He is a booby," said this officer: "let the geese be removed; they don't pay duty." My geese and wigeons were instantly withdrawn from his haughty presence through the streets of Hull to the water side, with some fears on my part that they would not forget in a hurry their being jumbled together so rudely in the performance of a useless expedition. We steamed up the Humber, and reached Walton Hall that night. The Bernacle ganders had borne their journey well; but it was otherwise with the two geese, and three of the wigeons. They appeared out of sorts, and died in the course of the following week.—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History*.

*Qualifications of Prussian Schoolmasters.*—All Prussian teachers are required to be more or less masters of vocal and instrumental music. The violin is as sure to be seen in the school-room as the black board. When Wichern was asked by what means he produced such transforming effects upon children under his charge, he replied, "By active occupations, music, and Christian love." Generally speaking the teachers played also upon the organ and piano, and employed music, not only as an accomplishment and recreation, but as a moral instrument of great and peculiar efficacy.—*Christian Teacher*.



## ENGLISH MANUFACTURING LABOURERS.

*(From Kohl's England and Wales.)*

WE extract the following passage from the above work, although we are not inclined to give full credit to the very sweeping character given by the author of our countrymen employed abroad in manufacturing labour.

"It is a strange thing that all over the world, in America and in Europe, there should exist such a very unfavourable opinion of English labourers, and that their undeniable skill and industry, in their particular vocations, should be unable to remove the universal impression of their immorality, lawlessness, ignorance, and brutality. Even where it is found necessary to employ them, this is always done reluctantly and fearfully. I was in Austria shortly after the English labourers had been dismissed from the railroads making there, because their turbulence, brutality, and drunkenness occasioned all kinds of riots and accidents. I went to Saxony, and found that there, too, all the English labourers had been turned away, because their conduct was found quite insufferable. I went to Frankfort, and met a papier maché manufacturer, who told me, with rueful shakings of the head, that he was indeed compelled to employ English labourers in some parts of his business, because they understood their business so well, and were so remarkably skilful in it, but that he longed to get rid of them, because they were the most troublesome, ignorant, and unmanageable of his work-people. I went to Belgium, and read an interesting report of an English Poor-Law Commission, in which the evidence of a great manufacturer of Philadelphia, concerning English labourers, was given at full length. This gentleman testified that one-fifth of the work-people, in the American factories, were foreigners, most of them Englishmen, whom, however, the manufacturers employed very unwillingly, on account of their being so 'dissipated and discontented.' They were, besides, universally disliked, because they were so given to drunkenness. The American labourers are always found better educated, more intelligent, and less given to sensual indulgences. No strikes or combinations of workmen are ever known among the American labourers, as among the English, who are always combining to force higher wages from their masters. The superiority of the American labourers is chiefly attributed to their superiority of education. The American masters are always very particular in having the children of their labourers sent regularly to school.

"I came to England, and read farther reports on the subject, all equally confirmatory of these statements. A Swiss manufacturer of Zurich, testified that he employed in his factory from six to eight hundred work-people of all nations, Swiss, Saxons, Bavarians, French, Danes, Norwegians, Poles, Hungarians, Prussians, Dutch, Scotch, and English, and that these last were 'the most disorderly, debauched, unruly, and least respectable and trustworthy of any nation whatsoever whom we have employed.' This gentleman farther stated, that in saying this he spoke

the feelings of all the continental manufacturers with whom he was acquainted, more particularly that of the English manufacturers, settled in different parts of Europe. It seemed, he continued, that the ill-educated English workmen, when released from the iron discipline and cold severity with which their masters treated them in England, and when received with that urbanity and cordiality of kindness, which all well-behaved labourers on the Continent expect and receive from their masters, lost all balance and self-possession, and became quite unmanageable. He found, also, that English labourers of the highest class, as to skill and pecuniary remuneration, generally lived worse, and indulged themselves in lower ways, than those of a far inferior rank of other nations. The townspeople of Zurich dread the English workmen as inmates, on account of their unruly and disorderly behaviour. The English workman of the first class will often spend half his nights in the wine-shop, will let his children grow up in all kinds of ignorance and brutality, and will live in the midst of dirt and disorder; while a German or Swiss labourer, of the very same class, reads, studies nature, cultivates music, has a clean and tidy household, and gives his children an excellent education. This report, while it affords a startling testimony to the ignorance and brutality of the uneducated English, is also a proof, let it never be forgotten, of the admirable candour and generosity of the nation. In no other European country would such a statement have been patiently heard, much less printed and published. This gentleman returned shortly afterwards to Zurich, with an English lady whom he had married in England. The work-people of his establishment hastened to welcome them, to present their master with a little congratulatory address, and his wife with various interesting little specimens of national industry, as nuptial presents; all, except the English labourers, who remained sullen spectators of the general rejoicing, and gave no signs whatever of cordiality and satisfaction!

"Thus unanimous is the voice of the world concerning the English manufacturing labourers. A great part of the blame should rest, no doubt, with the English master-manufacturers, who, with a few rare and admirable exceptions, take no pains whatever to improve the character and open the minds of their work-people. The severity of discipline in the English factories, the cold, harsh manner in which the work-people are addressed by their superiors, the rigid silence enforced among them, and the unfeeling manner in which they are dismissed to steal or starve, at every fluctuation in the fortunes of their masters, all these things cannot but have a hardening and deadening effect on their characters. No less evil in its effects must be the total absence of all intercourse between these despised classes, and their employers, and the mutual indifference of both ranks to the prosperity or adversity of the other. It is commonly said in England, that there is less personal intercourse between the master cotton-spinner and his workmen, than between the Duke of Wellington and the meanest cottager on his estate.

"No doubt much strictness and regularity of disci-



pline, much stern subordination of classes, is necessary to the maintenance of order in these gigantic establishments, and to the due security of the manufacturer's interests. But surely, surely, all that is necessary or desirable in this way, is not incompatible with a little more benevolence and cordiality of social intercourse, a little more humane and christian regard for the temporal happiness and eternal welfare of those employed, than is commonly found in England! Might not this iron severity during hours of labour, be sweetened by a little more friendliness and affability at other times?"

### SICK-ROOMS AND SLEEPING-ROOMS.

If we turn to a sick-room, we are apt to surmise, that the doctor in attendance never once takes the state of the lungs under his serious consideration, except in cases of apparent consumption. Although he has learned from anatomy, that pure air is most essential to them, still he allows his patient to be in a tomb, as it were, walled round with dense curtains, where the wholesome breeze can gain no admittance, and where the foul vapours issue from the feverish mouth, and return to it, and from thence to the lungs, which are barely able to perform their duty. The windows are constantly shut, and the door most carefully closed, by which mischievous custom the lungs have no chance of receiving a fresh supply of air from without, and at last the patient sinks in death for want of it. If those in typhus fever were conveyed to an open shed, screened on one side against the blowing wind, with a sufficiency of clothes upon them, very little physic would be required; for the fresh air would soon subdue the virulence of the disease in nine cases out of ten. Then, a person finds he cannot sleep at night: if he would open the window, and take a few turns upon the room, there can be no doubt, but that sweet sleep, *placidissime somne Deorum*, would return with him arm in arm to bed. Wonderful is the degree of heat which is generated by the human body, when prostrate on a soft bed. Those parts of the sheets which do not come in contact with it, will, of course, retain their wonted coldness; and then, if the person becomes restless in his sleep, and rolls over upon them, he runs a fair risk of contracting rheumatic pains scarcely ever to be removed. Should a man ever have the terrible misfortune to pass the night in a damp bed, he would be much worse off than if he had been condemned to lie on a pismire's nest. These little tormenters would merely blister him, perhaps even with salutary effect; but the humid bed would cause him damage often beyond the power of art or nature to repair. I trust we may safely conclude, that, when the soft and downy preparations for the repose of the night have been completed, we do wrong, very wrong indeed, to exclude the night air from our apartments. That we can absolutely do without it, is certain; but that we should do better with it is equally certain. Still, civilized man will never change his usual habits, but will go snoring on from night, awake this hour, and dozing that; whilst his lungs, if they had the power of speech, would cry out, and say:—"Oh! we cannot stand this nasty atmosphere; we are obliged to work all night, and still you seem to have no pity for us. What with the unwholesome vapours, arising from your own overloaded stomach, and what with the stagnant air in the room, we shall be overpowered at last, do what we can to keep our action

up; and then, for want of having your window an inch or two open (which would put every thing to rights in our department), when you least expect it, you will be called away to your long account by a fatal fit of apoplexy."—*Waterton's Essays on Natural History.*

### TO THE FLYING FISH.

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing  
O'er the blue wave, at evening, spring,  
And give those scales, of silver white,  
So gaily to the eye of light;  
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,  
And live amid the glorious skies;  
Oh! it has made me proudly feel,  
How like thy wing's impatient zeal  
Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest  
Upon the world's ignoble breast.  
But takes the plume that God has given,  
And rises into light and heaven!  
But when I see that wing, so bright,  
Grow languid with a moment's flight,  
Attempt the paths of air in vain,  
And sink into the waves again;  
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;  
Like thee, awhile the soul may soar,  
But erring man must blush, to think,  
Like thee, again, the soul may sink!  
Oh! Virtue, when thy clime I seek,  
Let not my spirit's flight be weak:  
Let me not, like this feeble thing,  
With brine still dropping from its wing,  
Just sparkle in the solar glow,  
And plunge again to depths below;  
But, when I leave the grosser throng,  
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,  
Let me, in that aspiring day,  
Cast every ling'ring stain away,  
And, panting for thy purer air,  
Fly up at once and fix me there.

T. Moore.

*The Irish Character.*—Many indolent, do-nothing politicians contend, that it is of little use to legislate for Ireland, as nothing can remedy the greatest evil which afflicts that country—the character of its people. How false this notion is, may be seen from the following testimony borne by Dr. Durbin, an American traveller, to the habits and dispositions of the Irish in the United States. After describing that people at home he says, "But the Irishman in America is another being. With the prospect before him of securing a bit of land, even a farm and a comfortable home, he soon shakes off his idle habits, works as diligently, and saves as carefully, as any of his neighbours. The truth seems to be, then, that nothing but *motive* is wanting to make the Irish industrious and economical."

Men reason perfectly well, as long as the jarring string is not struck—interest.

The pleasure of relieving an unhappy person, is a sure remedy against the uneasiness that his presence gives us.

There is nothing in the world that makes men more bold than innocence.







